

Resolution

by Singing Wolf

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Summary: What if there was just a little more to the ending of TPM?

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> Rating: PG
 Spoilers: Star Wars: The Phantom Menace

> Note: I watched the movie again last night, and the look in Qui-Gon's eyes in the moments just before Maul hit him in the face struck me as almost suspicious and maybe a little confused. I couldn't get that look out of my mind, and so this story just begged to be written.
 Archive: Anywhere, just let me know so I can visit your site.

> Disclaimer: I don't own them, and I'm not making any money from them.

> Feedback: Yes! Yes! Yes! Please? ;-)

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> Resolution
 Part One

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> The lightsaber blades crackled, sending vibrations and tiny sparks along the nerves of Qui-Gon's arms. He hardly noticed as he concentrated on the enemy before him.

> The Sith Lord was staring at him with hungry eyes. The red glow from his blade reflected off his grotesquely tattooed face and the horns that protruded from his head. For all that, that which made his appearance unmistakably alien, he still looked, felt, familiar to the Jedi Master. But that familiarity was twisted by the Dark Side, the evil presence that rolled off him in waves.

> Qui-Gon allowed his years of training to take over, to allow the force to guide his arms in the intricate series of movements that kept his enemy's blade from him. Then he turned part of his mind to the Sith himself. Who was he?

> He reached out to the other's mind with the Force. As he did, he became more aware of Obi-Wan's presence behind the laser wall. His

apprentice was not exercising patience as he had been taught. Instead, his sense in the Force fairly radiated urgency, a desperate need to reach his Master.

> *He's worried,* Qui-Gon thought with faint amusement. *Does he think I'm too old to fight this enemy?* He blocked another set of vicious blows with practiced ease. Although the Sith was truly skilled with his double bladed saber, and unnaturally quick, the Jedi Master was better. He felt no pride in that knowledge. It simply was the truth. He pulled his thoughts from Obi-Wan, and focused on the alien before him.

> And found he was not alien after all. *He's a human,* he realized. That was apparent from the first touch of his mind. He saw the startled, angry look in the other's eyes as he recognized what Qui-Gon was doing. For a moment, he looked almost afraid, then his expression became feral and hungry again. Qui-Gon probed deeper, past the dark outer layers, into the swirling maelstrom that was this Sith Lord's mindâ€|.

> He slowed slightly. The thoughts were unfamiliar, the purpose alien, but the path those thoughts took was well known to him. His gaze narrowed. *Noâ€|. It couldn't beâ€|* He hesitated. How could he kill him? This man before him wasn't his enemyâ€|.

> That moment of distraction was all the Sith needed. He struck out at the Jedi, both with the handle of his saber and with his own mind, back along the slight link Qui-Gon had formed when he touched his thoughts. A wave of hate, of darkness and evil, meant to overwhelm the Master's mind. He had tried it before, with no success, but now Qui-Gon had opened to him, he was vulnerable. He knew who he was, and the Sith reveled in it.

> Qui-Gon's eyes widened with the shock of the fierce attack on his mind, so unexpected, then gasped at the burning pain in his chest as the Dark Lord's saber pierced his body. He heard his own lightsaber clatter on the floor, he heard Obi-Wan scream, and the silent laughter of the Sith. The saber slid back out so slowly, Qui-Gon would have cried out at the pain, had he been able to draw breath to do so.

> The pain spread through his body, every breath was agony. The battle continued. Obi-Wan was fighting, he could feel the bright light that was his apprentice. But Obi-Wan was fighting with anger, and fear for him. *It's not your fault, Padawan,* he thought. *I should have taken my own advice, kept my attention on the here and now, not in the past I left behind so long ago.* He felt Obi-Wan fall, and his heart constricted.

> *No!* His mind cried out, even as he reached out with the Force to try to help. He was still alive, hanging from a precarious handhold in the pit. His thoughts touched Obi-Wan's. After a heartbeat of resistance placed there by his anger, he felt his Padawan calm and open to the familiar presence of his Master. *The lightsaber,* he whispered.

> He could feel Obi-Wan's thoughts follow his own. He had trained too long to question his Master's guidance now. The Force coiled around him, between them and the lightsaber lying at Qui-Gon's feet.

> The Jedi heard the familiar hum of his blade, and the sickening sound of that same blade slicing through flesh. *I'm sorry Xanatos,* he thought.

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> Resolution
 Part Two

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> *Master?* Obi-Wan's pleading voice reached through their bond. Qui-Gon felt himself being lifted into his Padawan's arms.

> "It's too late," he whispered. "It's tooâ€|"

> "No!" Obi-Wan cried out. *Master, don't leave meâ€|. I'm sorry, I should have been hereâ€| I'm sorryâ€|. Don't leave meâ€|*

> Qui-Gon gasped in pain. Obi-Wan's hand was pressed to the wound, trying to heal him. The Master almost smiled at the gesture. Nothing could save him now, but trust his Padawan to try.

> "Obi-Wan, don't," he breathed. He wrenched his thoughts from both his apprentice and the fallen figure in the pit. "The boyâ€| You must train the boyâ€|"

> "Yes, Master," Obi-Wan replied, but his thoughts were not on Anakin Skywalker. He drew on the Force more than he ever had in his life, pouring energy into his Master, and even drawing from his own life force.

> "He is the Chosen Oneâ€| He will bring balanceâ€|. Train himâ€|"

> Obi-Wan nodded. He felt Qui-Gon's fingers brush his cheek and dimly realized the tears that had fallen. He tried to answer, but no longer had the strength. He felt Qui-Gon's love wrap around him like a warm blanket, and he bent over him, shoulders shaking with silent tears. The Force continued to flow between them, and he pushed harder, giving his Master all he had to give.

> He felt Qui-Gon relax in his arms as the pain and weariness overcame him. But Obi-Wan continued on. He could not, would not let him die. Not like this.

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> Voices shouted unintelligible words and hands tugged gently at his tunic. Obi-Wan shut them out, clenching his fists. He had to hang on to Qui-Gon. He wouldn't let him goâ€|.

> His eyes snapped open. His hands had closed around empty air. *No!* He tried to call out, but his throat closed around the sound, and it was all he could do to gasp short, painful breaths. A mask was placed over his mouth and nose by an expressionless medical droid.

> Obi-Wan struggled to rise, his only thoughts of his Master. Nothing made sense. Where was he? Hands pressed him back down, and he was too weak to stop them. Nevertheless, he struggled fiercely.

> "Master!" He choked out. The tears began anew. He couldn't sense him.

> "It's all right, Padawan Kenobi," a soft voice tried to reassure him. "He's here. It'll be all right."

> He turned his head to see Padme standing over him. *No, not Padme,* he thought. *She's someone elseâ€|.* But he couldn't figure out just who. It didn't matter. Only Qui-Gon mattered. He ripped off the oxygen mask, to the droid's dismay. "You're lying," he rasped. "I can't feel him. I have to get to himâ€|. Before it's too late!" Again he struggled to get up, but this time his own body betrayed him by not even responding.

> Padme laid a gentle hand on his shoulder. "You're very weak right now. The healers despaired of your recovery. You will be all right, in time." She smiled and looked over her shoulder. "And so will he."

> His eyes shifted to follow her gaze as the One-Bee, muttering imprecations that were rather startling coming from a droid, slipped the mask back over his face. He gasped, and reached for the mask again.

> "Leave it, Padawan," said a stern, gentle voice. "You need all the help you can get, after your actions."

> Qui-Gon Jinn stepped up beside him, leaning heavily on Mace Windu. His face was pale, his eyes were tight with pain and his breath ragged, but he was the most wonderful sight Obi-Wan had even seen. Qui-Gon laid a large hand on his apprentice's forehead.

> "Transferring one's life energy is a very dangerous thing, Padawan. I never taught you how to do that." He paused a moment, fingers lightly brushing back his spiky hair. "You could have died, Obi-Wan," he said.

> The Padawan's eyes began drifting closed. *I just couldn't let you leave me, Master.*

> Qui-Gon sighed. *I'm here, Padawan. I'm here.* His love accompanied the words, and Obi-Wan let out a slow breath, too exhausted to even reply. But he reached up a trembling hand and Qui-Gon grasped it tightly. *And I'm not going anywhere.*

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 End

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> Feedback is more than welcome and quickly responded to at SngngWolf@aol.com

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